

BIGGEST OF GOLD NUGGETS

Accidental Finding of the Rich Treasure in the Wilds of Australia.

Could even fiction or east side melodrama suggest any situation more romantic? Figure to yourself, as the French say, four men sinking down exhausted in the arid Australian bush, way back in the "Never-Never" country, where rain does not fall for years at a stretch, and the only plant that forces its way through the choking sand is the dreaded spinifex, or Australian spear grass, whose points pierce the pedestrian like a lance.

They sank down to die, says the New York Herald. Their horses, too, were exhausted, and one of these in stumbling struck its forehead against a small piece of rock that projected a few inches out of the sandy soil. The eyes of one of the men followed the stumble, and the next moment he had struggled to his feet, shouting: "Gold, gold!" Sure enough, the supposed "rock" struck by the iron hoof glistened in the pitiless sun, and a moment later all four men were digging eagerly with bleeding fingers around the place.

Almost in less time than it takes to tell it these unfortunate fellows had unearthed the largest mass of virgin gold that the world has ever seen. This is known as the famous "Welcome Stranger" nugget. It is of the enormous weight of 10,000 ounces, and every ounce of it virgin gold, there being practically no alloy whatever. It is in the shape of a rough cross.

This marvelous find acted as a tonic upon the men and they were enabled to make their way to the nearest township, which chanced to be Ballarat. Here the "Welcome Stranger" was deposited in the bank, and after it was melted down brought at the rate of \$20 an ounce, so fine was the quality of the gold. A full sized model of the "Welcome Stranger" may be seen by American visitors to London in the department of minerals and precious stones in the great Natural History museum in Cromwell road, South Kensington.

SEARCHLIGHT'S DEAD SPOTS

"Beam of Darkness" That May Conceal the Form of a Torpedo Boat.

"One of the complications that make us unhappy on a battleship when we expect a torpedo attack," said an American naval officer, lately, "is the fact that there is a 'dead spot' in the beam of the searchlight. If a torpedo boat can fit and lie in the center of this beam of darkness that plays over the water wherever our beam of light plays, it can lie there with impunity. We cannot see it from the ship."

"I had an excellent opportunity to test the truth of this during the mimic war off the New England coast. I commanded a small dispatch boat, and when we were off Plum island at the entrance to Long Island sound, I was sent in to scout and report what I could discover of the batteries on the island."

"We ran in until we raised the searchlight on the fortifications. Slowly we proceeded then, dodging it until we were in full range of it, so that we had to lie still. We waited until the operator of the light ceased for a moment and held it steady. Then we pushed in quick and lay almost in the center of the dazzling white pencil of light. It seemed to us on the ship that we must be shining forth like a set piece on a stage, for the fierce beam illuminated every ripple on the water around us; but our little ship was right in the center of the dead spot, and as long as the light was held steady we kept steaming, boldly and unseen, in toward the fort. Of course the moment the light was moved we were discovered. But by that time we had seen all we wanted to, and approached so close to the guns that we were entitled to claim a point for our side, which we did."

Water in Grass.

The amount of water given off by an acre of grass is estimated at 30 hogheads a day. About 300 parts, by weight, of water pass through a plant to one part fixed and assimilated in its tissues.

Yet No Burden.

The biggest thing about some men is their opinion of themselves.—N. Y. Times.

RICHES IN CORNS AND TEETH

Englishmen Who Have Made Fortunes from Cutting and Selling One and the Other.

It gives one rather an ache in the mouth to reflect that a gentleman who died recently in London has left an estate of nearly £170,000, all from making artificial teeth. Better that way than the fashion in which his prototypes raised their wealth, says the St. James' Gazette. Before the artificial tooth was created deficiencies had to be made good by the real article, so body-snatchers ravaged the cemeteries at night, breaking up the jaws of the dead to extract their teeth to sell to dentists for insertion in live men's mouths. An army of these ghouls followed Wellington. They were licensed as sutlers, but, once night fell, out came their pliers, and out came the teeth of those dead and dying on the battlefields. It is a horrible idea, but we are not so much more refined to-day. Only 18 months ago somebody was exploiting the bones of our soldiers who had fought and died under Lord Wolseley in the Ashanti war. The poor relics were shipped to London, taken to an auction room to be sold as "curios," and only at the last moment was public opinion too strong to permit the wicked transaction to be carried through. Not so far from where the prosperous tooth factor has just died there used to live a cutter of corms. Everybody knew him—old Wolff. He did not aspire to the title of chiropodist—simply a cutter of corms he. More than a thousand clients paid him three guineas a year. One of them was an archbishop, who, while he submitted a painful corn to the razor, plied his persuasive tongue upon the cutter. Here was a Jew to be converted. "Sir, if you will go on talking, I shall cut you," was the only response of Shylock. "If I make you bleed you'll die," was another grim way he had of silencing his clients. In his dingy old room, patronized by all the lions of the stock exchange, and everybody who was anybody with a corn, he piled up a fortune of over six figures, and was still coining money up to the date of his death at the age of 84.

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JAPANESE ARE VERY POLITE

In Conversation Formality Is Ever Observed and Self Set Always at Naught.

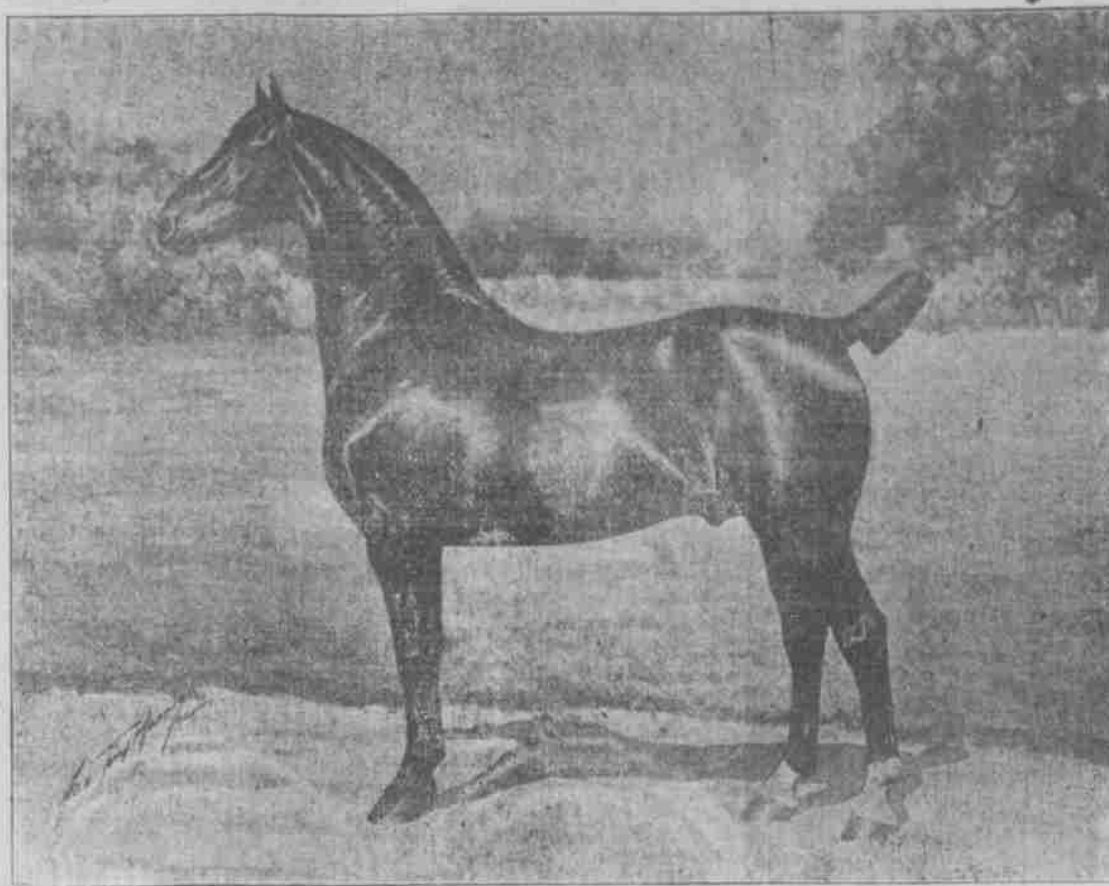
Japanese politeness is a marvelous thing and without it their language, as it stands at present, would fall to pieces, says Modern Society. Everything that is addressed to the "honorable side" of the room—that is, to "you"—or in any way refers to your possessions or concerns, must be modeled on a certain form of adoration, overwhelming, almost suffocating. But anything that has to do with the "groveling side"—that is with "me" or my concerns—must take on a peculiar belittling, indifferent and even contemptuous form.

Thus, at setting out one has to learn that all one's own things are low, mean and vile, while the other fellow's are admirable, honorable, august, divine. If Jones wished to borrow a knife from Smith to sharpen a pencil, he would say: "May I taken your honorable knife in my dirty hands to sharpen my still dirtier pencil?" And Smith would reply: "Certainly, here is my filthy knife; when you have deigned to sharpen your august pencil with it I beg that your augustness will condescend to hand it back to decayed me so that I might place it in my filthier pocket."

Origin of Knives.

Prof. W. J. McGee has lately undertaken to trace back to its origin that useful invention, the knife. The first knives, he believes, were fractured stones that happened to have a sharp cutting edge. But the vegetable kingdom also furnishes very keen cutting edges in the leaves and stalks of certain plants, which might have been availed of before artificial knives were made. The fractured stone knife easily suggested the shaping of flaked stones, like flint, into the form of blades. Among the Seri Indians on Tiburon Island, in the Gulf of California, the primitive custom of utilizing fractured and water-worn stones for knives still exists.—Youth's Companion.

BREED COACH HORSES!



The Imported German Coach Stallion

FALCON

No. 1875, that we bought of J. Crouch & Son, Lafayette, Ind., will make the season of 1904 at the barn of August Marcks opposite Linwood Lawn, Lexington, Lafayette County, Missouri.

TERMS: \$20 to insure living colt. Will use due precaution, but will not be responsible should any accidents occur.

The Lexington German Coach Horse Co.
AUGUST MARCKS Manager

'04-Frank C. Stewart's Stud-04

The Saddle Stallion, Sir Melrose

Reg. No. 2106, Vol. V. N. S. H. R.

Sir Melrose, black stallion 15½ hands, foaled May 16th, 1900. Sire, Star Rose 161; grand sire, Montrose (106). Melrose's dam, Lady May (147) by Chesnut Rose (251); second dam black bell by Black Squirrel (58); third dam by old Green Mountain. Melrose is bred in the purple on both sire and dam sides. Old Montrose 106 and Old Black Squirrel 58, were two of the best saddle stallions the world has ever produced. Melrose was a winner at our great state fair last year and I predict he will be a great show horse in the future. He has as much natural style as anybody's horse. Kind disposition. People that want to raise fancy saddlers, high style, can't miss it by breeding to Melrose.

Terms \$15 for Live Colt

At the same place the Great All Purpose Stallion, MAX O'RELL, Reg. bay horse, 16½ hands high, fine skin and tail, and a good horse all round. Sire Silver Rose 255, by Kentucky Eagle 359, Kentucky Eagle by Black Eagle 64, he by King William 67. Max O'Rell's dam, Bay Annie by Bay Splendor 1784, 3d dam, Old Bird a Morgan Mare. You must see this horse to appreciate him. \$10 FOR LIVE COLT

At the same place the two Great Show Jacks, Joe Jiffin and Limestone Louis, will serve mares. Joe Jiffin, \$12.50 for live colt, and Limestone Louis will be allowed to serve a few mares at \$10 for live colt. Joe Jiffin and Limestone are both fine bred jacks. Joe Jiffin sired by Black Mammoth, he by Old Superior Mammoth, the great sweepstake jack at the World's Fair. This jack has proven himself a great mule jack and a prize winner at our state fair. I bought Limestone Louis at the great jack sale at Limestone Valley Farm, March 1st, and think he will make a great jack. Sire Limestone Mammoth, one of the greatest show and jennet jacks on earth. Limestone Louis was foaled March 4, 1902. Limestone Louis, dam by Clapp's Jack, Old Chief, one of the best mule jacks in the state.

The above stock will make the season of 1904 at my barn one mile south of Lexington on the Columbus road at the following terms: Money due when colt snags or mare sold or removed from the neighborhood.

Frank C. Stewart

ASHBROOK

Trotting Record 2:13 1-2, Winning Race
Sire of Donny Brook, record 2:22½, (3) yr.

Will make the season of 1904 at my stables, three miles east of Lexington, on the Dover road at the extreme low price of

\$15.00

With the privilege of breeding until you get a colt. Money due when colt stands or mare parted with. Pasture for mares \$20 a week. All care taken, but no responsibility for accidents.

ASHBROOK is a seal brown, 15½ hands high, with perfection of conformation and temper and a sure breeder, and a first class trotter in every particular as his performance will show.

Ashbrook's present record is 2:13½ in a winning race. He has a two-year-old record 2:35½; 3-year-old, 2:28½; 4-year-old, 2:21½; 5-year-old, 2:17½, and at 6-year-old, 2:15½. His colts are making a wonderful showing for their opportunities. For pedigree send for catalogue.

PEDIGREE—Sired by the Great Ashland Wilkes, 2:19; first dam of Ashbrook is by Young Wilkes, son of the immortal George Wilkes family. So you see he's an inbred Wilkes, the blood so much sought after by the breeders of trotting and fine harness horses.

J. A. TERHUNE, Owner

TIME TABLES

Missouri Pacific—Lexington, Mo.

WEST-BOUND TRAINS.		No. 71.	No. 73.
Leave St. Louis.....	7:35 am	10:10 pm	
Arrive Sedalia.....	8:30 pm	5:30 am	
" Concordia.....	8:40 pm	6:30 am	
" Aultville.....	8:57 pm	6:48 am	
" Higginsville.....	9:08 pm	7:00 am	
" Page City.....	9:17 pm	7:10 am	
" Lexington.....	5:25 pm	7:30 am	
" Myrick.....	5:45 pm	7:40 am	
" Wellington.....	5:58 pm	7:52 am	
" Waterloo.....	6:05 pm	7:59 am	
" Napoleon.....	6:09 pm	8:02 am	
" Independence.....	7:00 pm	8:55 am	
" Kansas City.....	7:30 pm	9:25 am	
" St. Joseph.....		12:14 pm	

DAILY.

EAST-BOUND TRAINS.

No. 71.		No. 73.
Leave St. Joe.....	2:55 pm	
" Kansas City.....	5:30 pm	8:00 am
" Independence.....	6:07 pm	8:35 am
" Napoleon.....	7:01 pm	7:17 am
" Waterloo.....	7:05 pm	7:21 am
" Wellington.....	7:12 pm	7:28 am
" Myrick.....	7:24 pm	7:40 am
" Lexington.....	7:31 pm	7:45 am
" Page City.....	7:50 pm	8:00 am
" Higginsville.....	8:00 pm	8:11 am
" Aultville.....	8:10 pm	8:21 am
" Concordia.....	8:27 pm	8:36 am
" Sedalia.....	9:45 pm	9:50 am

J. C. B. and L.

7:57 am.....	Northrup.....	5:28 pm
8:04 am.....	Dover.....	5:30 pm
8:13 am.....	Hodge.....	5:40 pm
8:24 am.....	Waverly.....	4:58 pm
9:13 am.....	Marshall.....	4:00 pm
10:30 am.....	Boonville.....	3:00 pm

SANTA FE ROUTE.

Trains arrive at North Lexington.
No. 28 (daily)..... 8:25 a. m.
Trains leave North Lexington:
No. 25, Express (daily)..... 8:30 a. m.
Main line trains pass Lexington Junction
The river bus leaves Lexington 7:40 a. m. daily to connect with train at north Lexington. Leaves Lexington daily except Sunday at 9:30 a. m. and 9 o'clock p. m. and goes through to connect with trains at Lexington Junction.

GOING EAST.		45 pm
No. 4, (daily).....		5:47 a. m.
" 6, ".....		8:35 p. m.
" 8, ".....		9:20 p. m.
" 21, ".....		8:50 a. m.

GOING WEST.		8:00 a. m.
No. 1, " (daily).....		7:09 a. m.
" 3, ".....		6:30 a. m.
" 5, ".....		12:50 p. m.
" 19, ".....		4:37 p. m.

G. W. BAILEY Agent.

W. J. Black, G. P. A., Topeka, Kas.

C. & A. Time Table—Higginsville.

EAST BOUND.		8:50 am
No. 14, Missouri State Express.....		7:02 pm
No. 10, Calif. and Colo. Limited.....		7:38 pm
No. 73, Slater Accom. (Sunday only).....		9:00 pm
No. 12, St. Louis West. Limited.....		10:40 pm
No. 116, Way Freight.....		11:26 am

WEST BOUND.

No. 7, Calif. and Colo. Limited.....		6:11 am
No. 61, Slater Accommodation.....		5:30 am
No. 11, K. C. Vestibule Express.....		12:25 pm
No. 15, Missouri State Express.....		1:34 pm
No. 117, Way Freight.....		3:30 am

S. A. VERMILLION, Agent.

Higginsville, Mo.

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